

them into eternity in his likeness. Oh, why is it so possible that this greatest inhabitant of every place where men are living, should be the last to whose society they are attracted, or of whose continual presence they feel the importance? Why is it possible to be surrounded with the intelligent Reality, which exists wherever we are, with attributes that are infinite, and not feel respecting all other things which may be attempting to press on our minds and affect their character, as if they retained with difficulty their shadows of existence, and were continually on the point of vanishing into nothing? Why is this stupendous Power so unperceived and silent, while present, over all the scenes of the earth, and in all the paths and abodes of men? Why does he keep his glory veiled behind the shades and visions of the material world? Why does not this latent glory sometimes beam forth with such a manifestation as could never be forgotten, nor could ever be remembered without an emotion of religious awe? And why, in contempt of all that he *has* displayed to excite either fear or love, is it still possible for a rational creature so to live, that it must finally come to an interview with him in a character completed by the full assemblage of those acquisitions, which have separately been disapproved by him through every stage of the accumulation? Why is it possible for feeble creatures to maintain their little dependent beings fortified and invincible in sin, amidst the presence of essential purity? Why does not the apprehension of such a Being strike through the mind with such intense antipathy to evil, as to blast with death every active principle that is beginning to pervert it, and render gradual additions of depravity, growing into the solidity of habit, as impossible as for perishable materials to be raised into structures amidst the fires of the last day? How is it possible to escape the solicitude, which should be inseparable from the knowledge that the beams of all-searching intelligence are continually darting on us, and pervading us; that we are exposed to the piercing inspection, compared to which the concentrated attention of all the beings in the universe besides, would be but as the powerless gaze of an infant? Why is faith, that faculty of spiritual apprehension, so absent, or so incomparably less perceptive of the grandest of its objects, than the senses are of theirs?